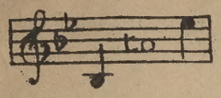
Cyril Kuen

No. 1 IN B♭



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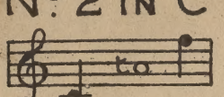

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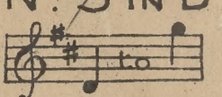

SUNG BY

MADAME CLARA BUTT.

# LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

## Song

THE WORDS BY

## Arthur C. Benson

ARRANGED TO MUSIC BY

# EDWARD ELGAR.


BOOSEY & CO., LTD.

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— AND —

LONDON: 295 REGENT ST., W.1.



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# LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.

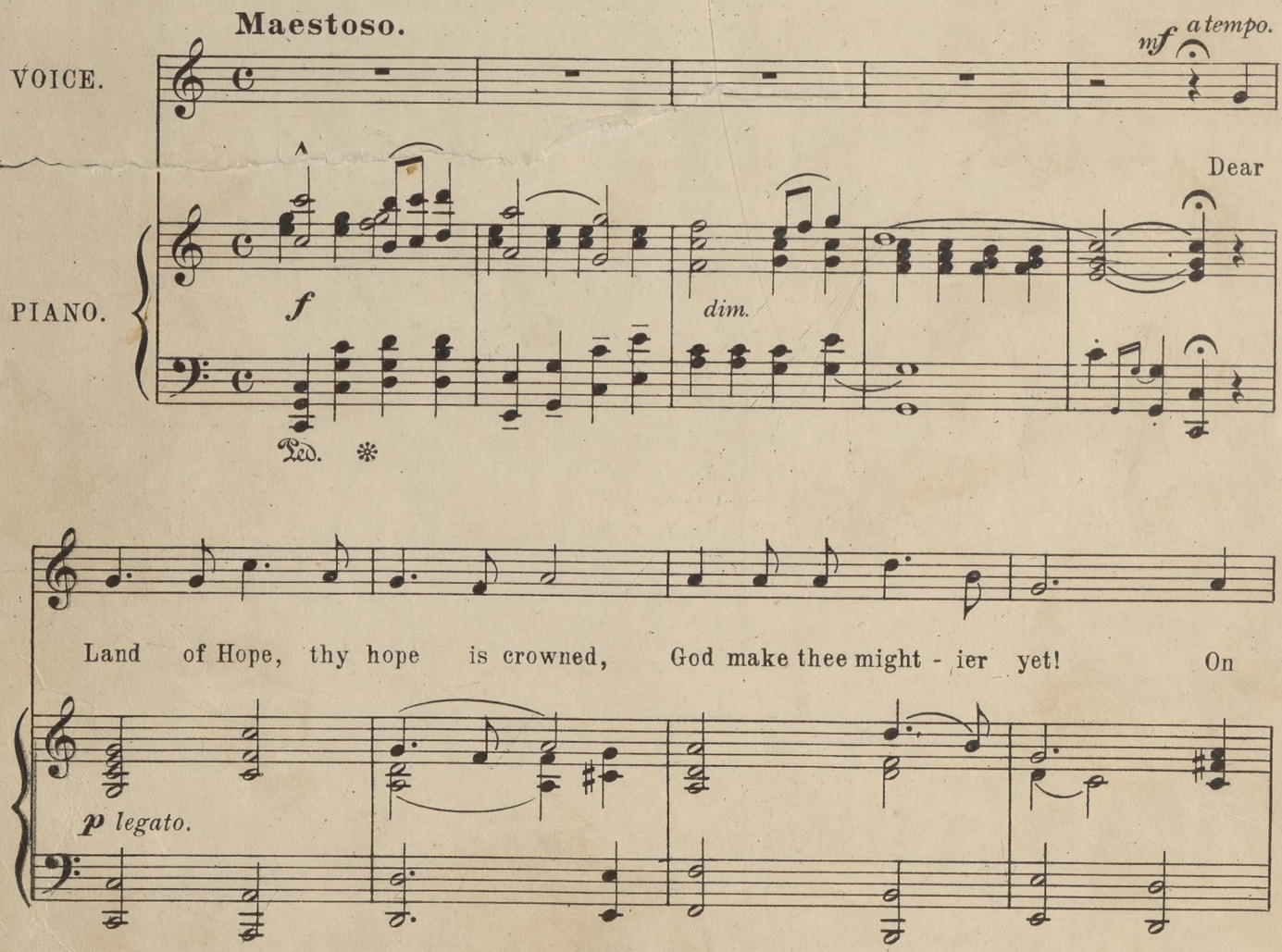
Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As Ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Words by
ARTHUR C. BENSON.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

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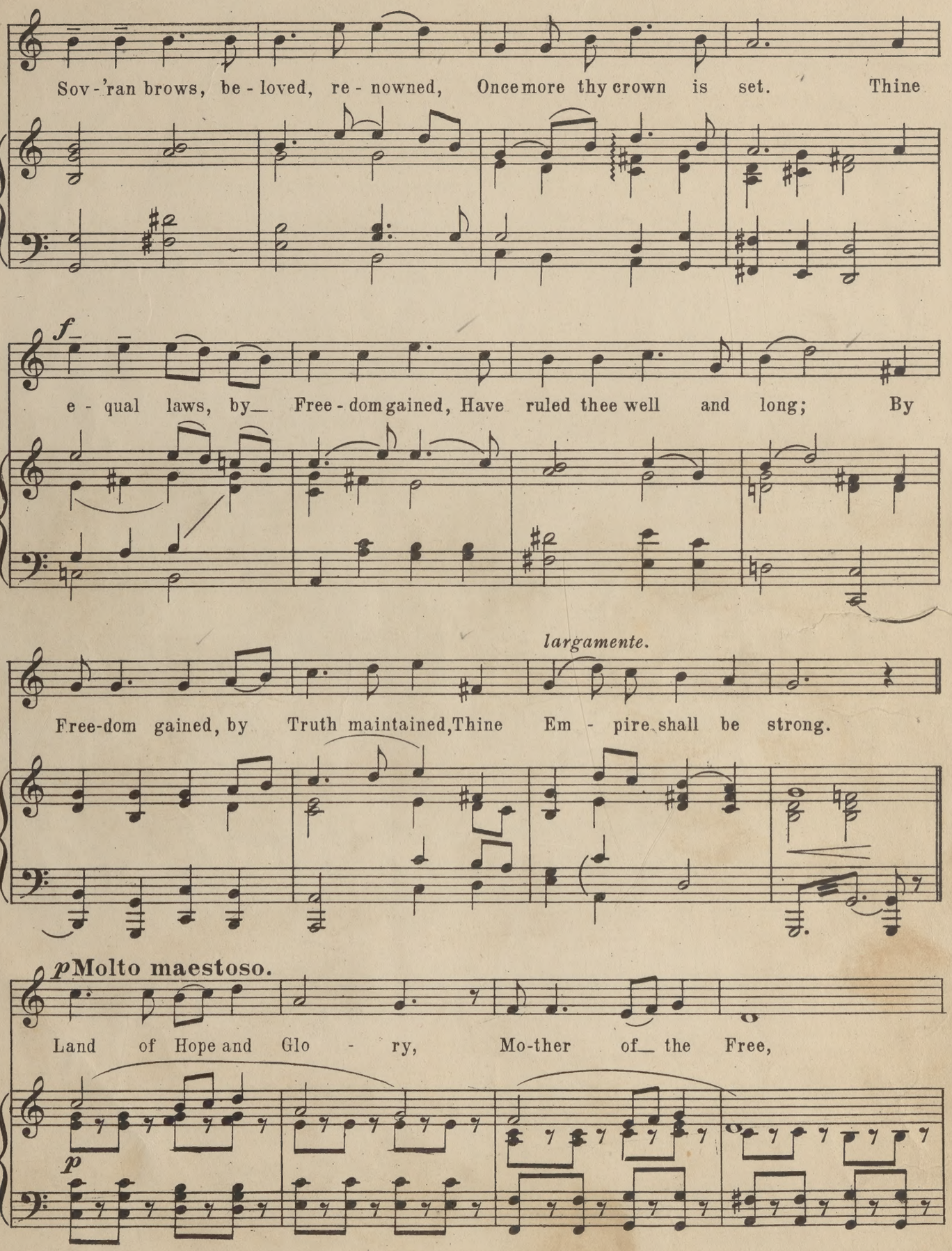

Sov-'ran brows, be-loved, re-nowned, Once more thy crown is set. Thine
f
e-qual laws, by Free-dom gained, Have ruled thee well and long; By
largamente.
Free-dom gained, by Truth maintained, Thine Em-pire shall be strong.
p Molto maestoso.
Land of Hope and Glo-ry, Mo-ther of the Free,
p

How shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of thee?

*cresc.*

Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;

*f*

God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet,

*allargando.*

God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.

*f* CHORUS.

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo - ther of the

*f* *sf*

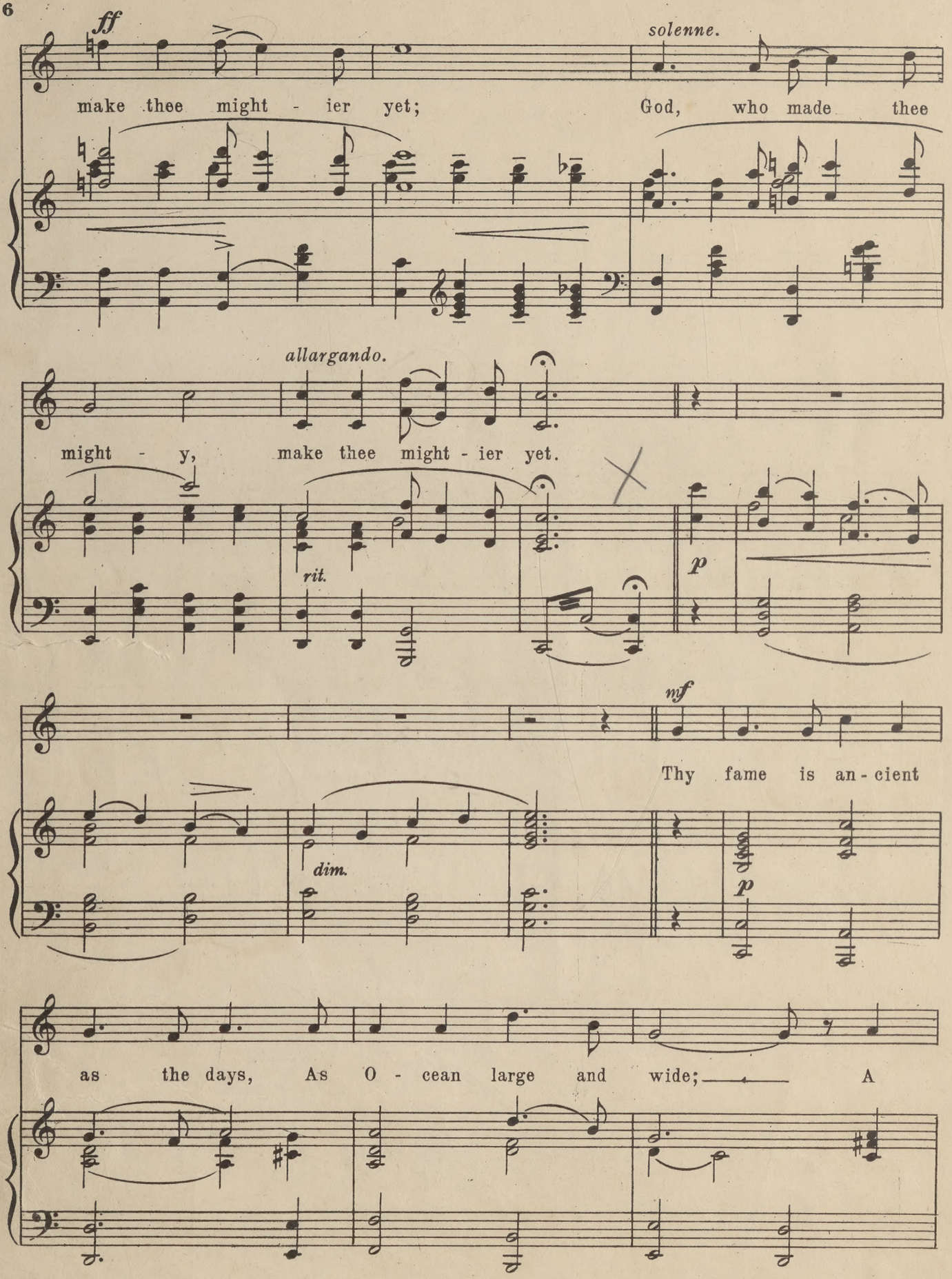
Free, How shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of

*ff*

thee? Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be

*cresc.*

set; God, who made thee might - y,


ff
solenne.
make thee might - ier yet; God, who made thee
allargando.
might - y, make thee might - ier yet.
rit.
p
mf
Thy fame is an - cient
dim.
p
as the days, As O - cean large and wide; A

*largamente.*

pride that dares, and heeds not praise, A stern and si - lent

pride; Not that false joy that dreams con-tent With

*f* *risoluto.*

what our sires have won; The blood a he - ro

sire hath spent Still nerves a he - ro son.

**Molto maestoso.**

*p*

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the

*p*

Free, How shall we ex-tol thee, who are born of

*cresc.*

thee? Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be

set; God, who made thee might - y,

*f*

make thee might - ier yet; God, who made thee

*allargando.*

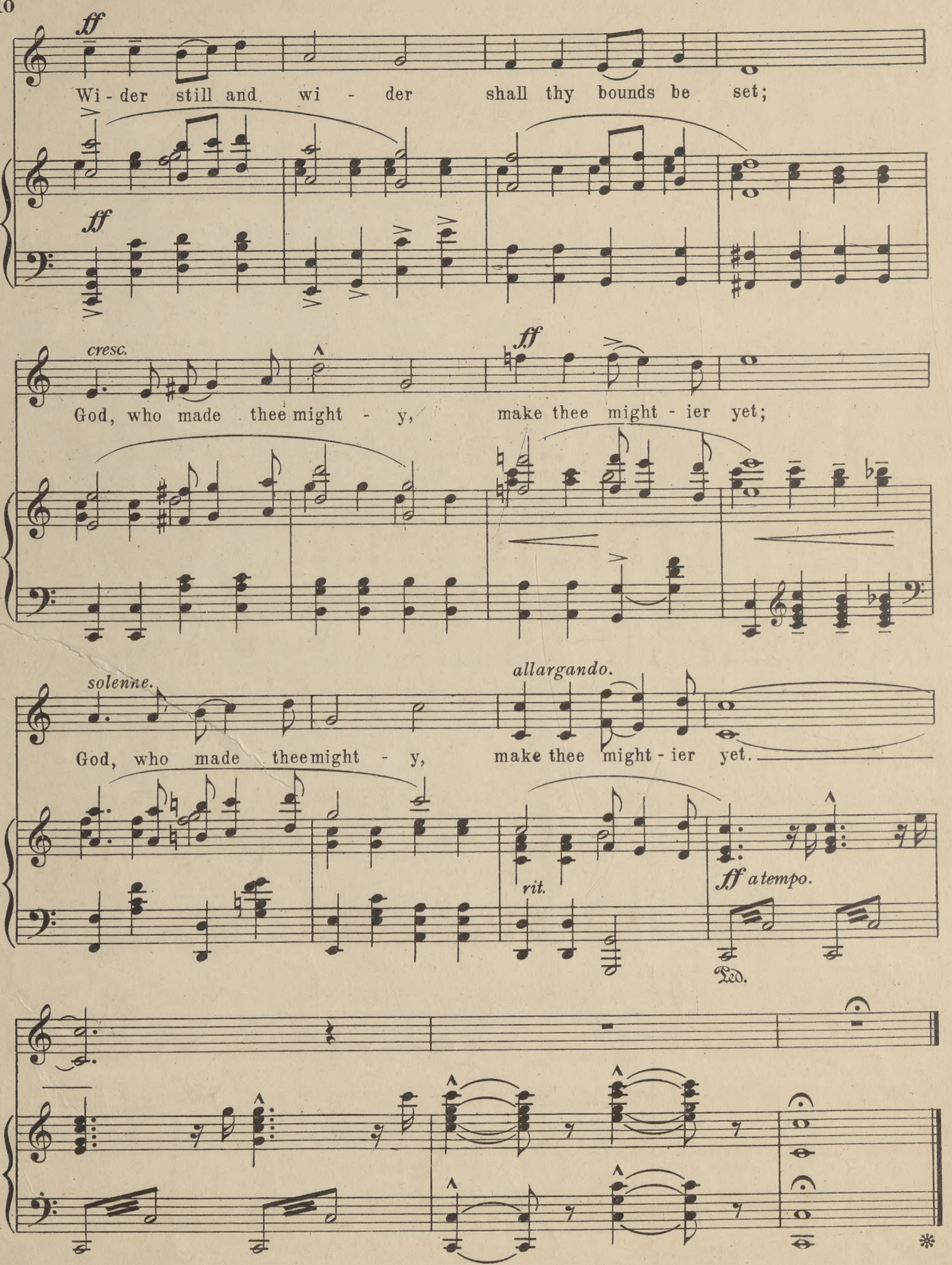
might - y, make thee might - ier yet.

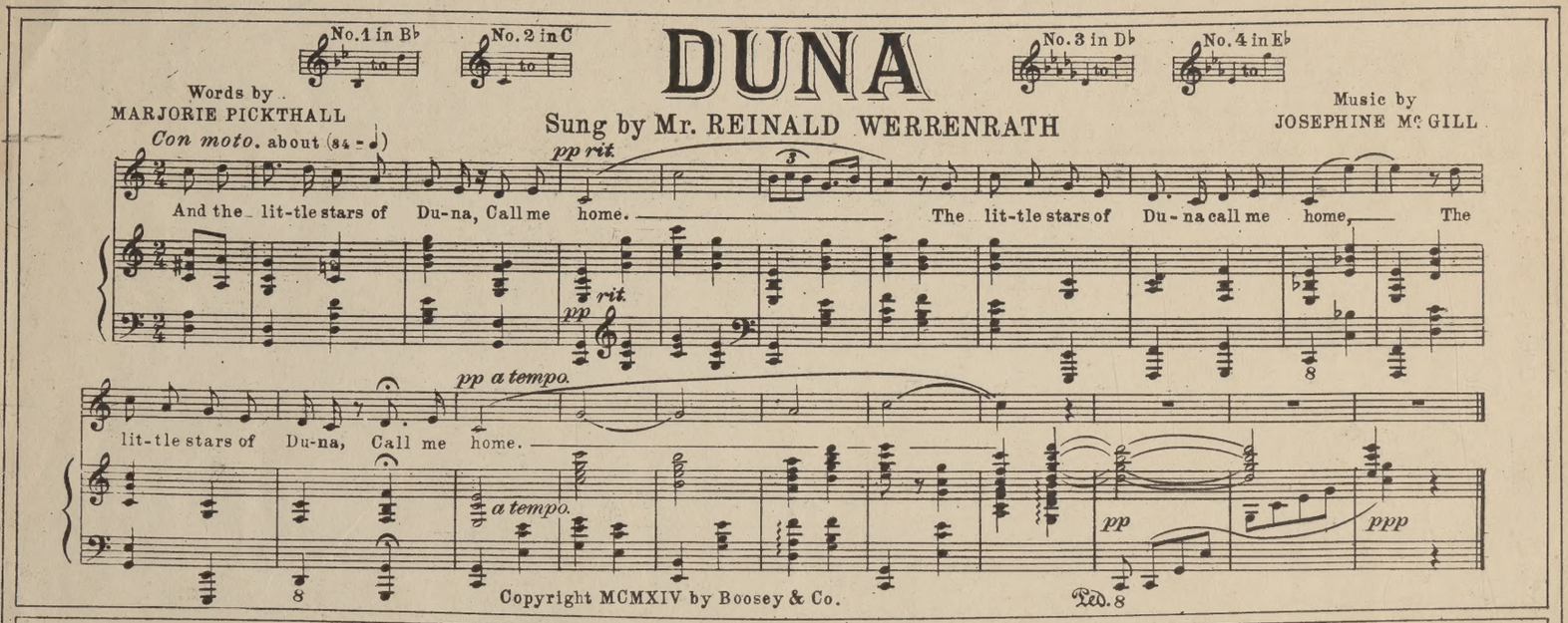
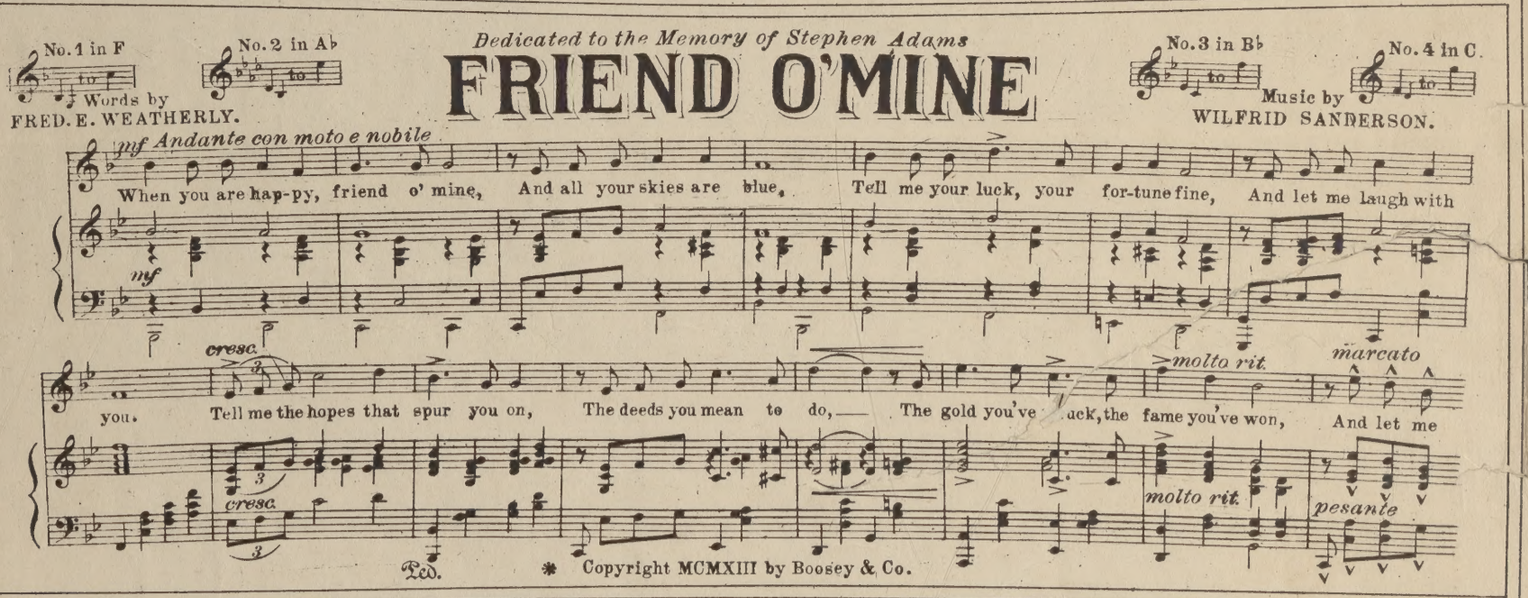
*f CHORUS.*

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free,

*f* *sf*

How shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of thee?


ff
Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;
ff
cresc.
ff
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet;
solenne.
allargando.
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.
rit.
ff a tempo.
Ped.

# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
## BY EMINENT COMPOSERS


Dedicated to the Memory of Stephen Adams
No. 1 in F
No. 2 in A♭
FRIEND O'MINE
No. 3 in B♭
No. 4 in C
Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.
Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.
pnf Andante con moto e nobile
When you are hap-py, friend o' mine, And all your skies are blue, Tell me your luck, your for-tune fine, And let me laugh with
mf
cresc.
you. Tell me the hopes that spur you on, The deeds you mean to do, The gold you've ack, the fame you've won, And let me
molto rit.
marcato
cresc.
molto rit.
pesante
Ped.
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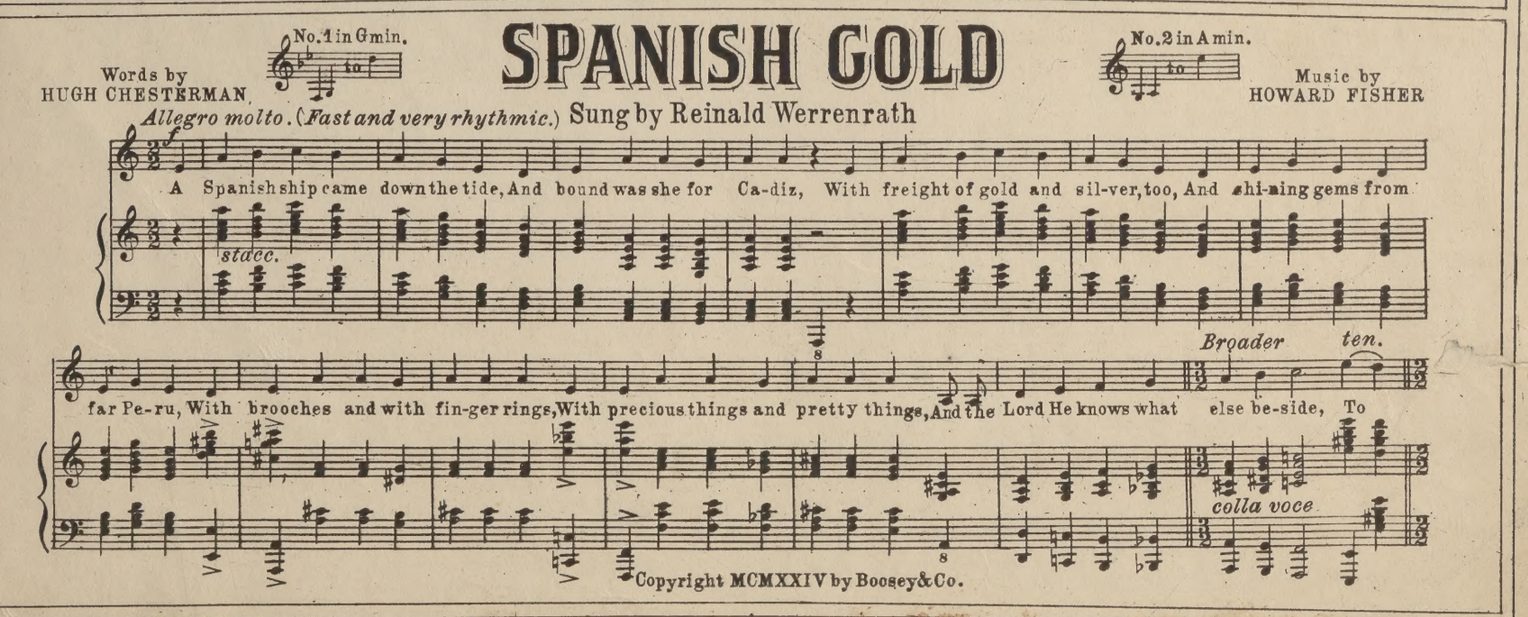
SPANISH GOLD
No. 1 in G min.
No. 2 in A min.
Words by
HUGH CHESTERMAN.
Music by
HOWARD FISHER
Allegro molto. (Fast and very rhythmic.) Sung by Reinald Werrenrath
f
A Spanish ship came down the tide, And bound was she for Ca-diz, With freight of gold and sil-ver, too, And shi-ning gems from
stacc.
Broader
ten.
far Pe-ru, With brooches and with fin-ger rings, With precious things and pretty things, And the Lord He knows what else be-side, To
colla voce
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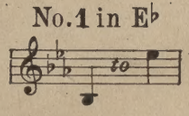
AN IRISH LOVE PLAINT – REPLETE WITH MUSICAL BEAUTY

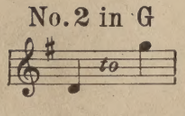
SUNG BY

REINALD WERRENRATH

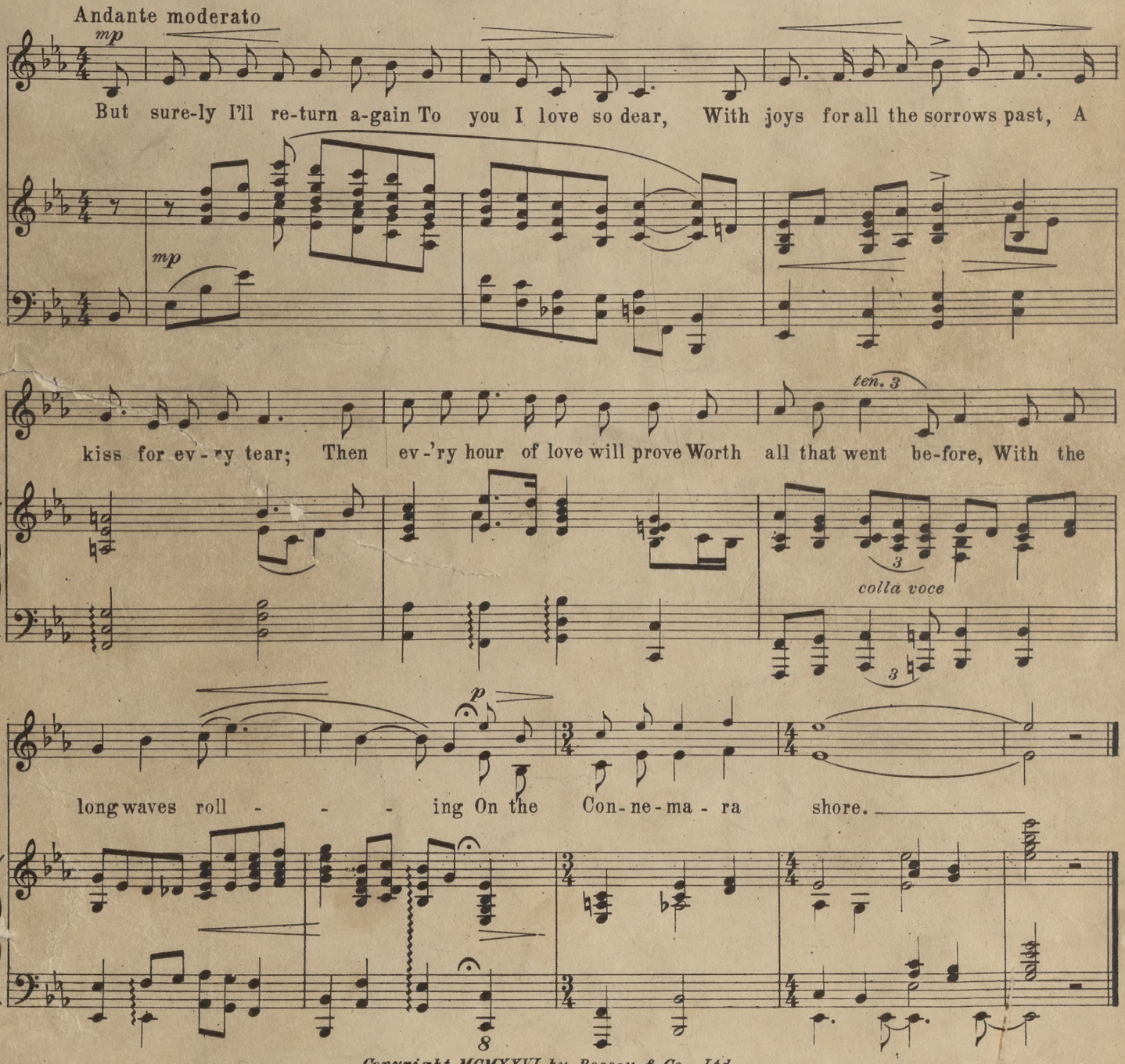
# THE CONNEMARA SHORE

Text by
MARY MARRIOTT

No.1 in E♭ 

No.2 in G 

Music by
HOWARD FISHER


Andante moderato
mp
But sure-ly I'll re-turn a-gain To you I love so dear, With joys for all the sorrows past, A
mp
kiss for ev-'ry tear; Then ev-'ry hour of love will prove Worth all that went be-fore, With the
ten. 3
colla voce
3
p
long waves roll - - - ing On the Con-ne-ma-ra shore.
8

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